Sound now the passing-bell,
Rung is my doleful knell,
For its sound my death doth tell a
Death doth draw nigh,
Sound the knell dolefully,
For now I die!" 1

There is an utter abandonment to grief and desolation in these lines, which, in their rhythm and cadence, show musical cultivation in the composer. Of a more prosaic nature, yet containing literal truth as to the events to which they allude, are the verses she wrote after her return from her trial:—

"Defiled is my name full sore,
Through eruel spite and false report,
That I may say for evermore,
Farewell to joy, adieu comfort!
For wrongfully ye judge of me,
Unto my fame a mortal wound;
Say what ye list, it may not be,
Ye seek for that shall not be found."

Anne was earnest in preparing herself for death with many and fervent devotional exercises, and whatever may have been said in disparagement of her by Catholic historians, it is certain that she did not die a Protestant. She passed many hours in private conference with her confessor, and received the sacraments according to the doctrine of transubstantiation.2 The penance she imposed upon herself for her injurious treatment of her royal step-daughter, the remembrance of which lay heavily upon her mind when standing upon the awful verge of eternity, is most interestingly recorded by Speed, who quotes it from the relation of a nobleman: "The day before she suffered death, being attended by six ladies in the Tower, she took the lady Kingston into her presence-chamber, and there, locking the door upon them, willed her to sit down in the chair of state. Lady Kingston answered 'that it was her duty to stand, and not to sit at all in her presence, much less upon the seat of state of her the queen.'- 'Ah! madam,' replied Anne, 'that title is gone: I am a condemned person,

<sup>2</sup> Kingston's letters, Cott. Otho, c. cx.; likewise edited by sir Henry Ellis, in his first series of Historical Letters.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> See Evans' Collection of English Poetry, where this and another short poem are attributed to her. This dirge was popular in the reign of Elizabeth, as the commencing line is quoted as a familiar stave by Shakspeare.